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In order to complete his round,
Which is by northern Broca bound.
O'Toole remains in deep surprise,
In vacant thought looks on the skies ;
Now turns to gaze upon the glass,
And sees the moments quickly pass ;
Scarcely a grain of sand behind,
Comfort conveys unto his mind ;
As the unholy thought just now,
Absolves him from his sacred vow ;
Two minutes more remain for doubt,
Two minutes, and his vow 's rub'd out ;
An awful calm now reigns around
The precincts of the holy ground ;
Next dreadful panics seize the throng,
The saint now sings an holy song ;
Spring not yet seen, where can he be,
O'Toole the devil must have in fee ;
What else could lead the dog astray,
Or lengthen out his weary way ?
All eyes intent upon the glass,
One little moment yet to pass ;
When, lo ! Spring leaps the high Cathedral wall,
And at his master's feet doth lifeless fall.

THE DESERTER,
OR AN IRISHMAN'S WAY OF TELLING A STORY.

Leaving home is always attended with distressing feelings, but quitting one's country for the first time is particularly painful. Each object that catches your eye at parting, recalls some painful recollection. The hills, plains, and all around, seem then more interesting than ever. You gaze on them with an intensity of feeling, and the swollen heart impedes the respiration as the reckless vessel dashes through the foaming waves, and hurries you from the cherished spot ; each moment new objects are presented to the fatigued and anxious eye, and at the conclusion of this panoramic view, the distance throws a veil over the faded scene, until at length the wearied vision is liberated from its painful task, as nought remains but "all heaven above, all sea around us." It was in such a moment as this that as Wilmot paced the quarter deck, he beheld his native mountains receding from his view. Kingstown had already disappeared, and the Rochestown hills were scarcely visible. He felt that each wave impelled him farther from those beloved scenes, and he could not refrain from indulging in melancholy reflections on the prospect of quitting Ireland perhaps for ever. He turned from the vast and monotonous expanse of sea and sky, and endeavoured to calm his agitated feelings, by examining the little world on which he stood. Around the mast he perceived a crowd collected, and curiosity induced him to investigate the cause. A sergeant had just liberated two unfortunate deserters from their fetters, as there then existed no possibility of escape. They had the appearance of Irish peasants, and, commiserating their fate, Wilmot descended on the main deck to converse with them.

"Well, my poor fellow," said he to one of them, "how did you get into this plight?"

"Och, sir, that's a long story, any how, and sorra bit o' me knows what il be the ind of it—och musha, may ye niver know the sorrow of misforchin, bekays its the mischief all out, an' makes many a man do an undecent turn, so it does. By reason of it, I was cotched by an ould sargint with a durty shillin', for all the world like they cotch the trout with a shinin' fly—och, more sorrow to him every day he sees a pavin' stone, and the likes of them that takes in poor innocent craters like huz ; so ye see we wor perpetually marched about, all over the country, like a flock of geese, and myself begins to get mighty sick of it entirely. Well, and musha—shure Sir I'm quite unasy to be afthur keepin' your honor all this time in the cowl, talkin' with the likes of me, so I am—but as I was sayin' afore, our regiment was marched about tell we come all the way to Liverpool. Sorra bit o' me knows where it is, only its across the sac, bekays I doesn't know the geography o' the place at all at all, more blame to me, for Father Kearney, kind sowl, offered to tache me larnin', and make a man of me, so he did when I was notain' but a bit of a gorsoon ; but the sorra

taste did I mind him, be rason of me bein' fond of de-version, an' so I let him keep his larnin' to himself, and sure enough its himself that was larned, and cud spake Latin as fast as"—

"I suppose somewhat faster than you speak English," interrupted Wilmot dryly.

"Och bother—there was a taste o' difference, any how, but howsomediver, Sur, he was a great man entirely Well, one mornin' I gets a letter from my sither, down in Wicklow, (the Lord bless her, and mark her to grace,) and she tould me to come up to her weddin' that was to happen with Darby Malowney—and be the same token, Darby's mother was my mother's"—

"Oh, let alone your relations, or we shall never hear the end of it."

"Just as you please, Sur. Well, I axed lave of the sargint, sorra take him, and bekays there was no great liken between huz, he wouldn't let me ; an' shure its myself wouldn't stay from Peggy's weddin' for the king himself, and so I tuk Frinch lave, an' threw aff me regimentals, and popp'd into a country man's coat, so then I looked for all the world like myself come to myself again, so crassin' the salt saes wanst more, I landed agin in the great city of Dublin, and great's the pity the rich sort won't live in so purty a place ; but if Dan O'Connell, long life to him, has any thrue pluck in him, he'll be afthur taching thim, not to be spendin' their good mony in furren parts, with the Frinch and the likes o' them, bekays its a mortyal shame, and the ruination of Ireland, so it is. Well thin findin' myself like a lark out of a cage, I just stepped into a frind's house on the quay, to take the shiver o' the sac aff me, and to drink a health to myself, that I left behind in Englint ; and shure I couldn't think there was harm in that, but I soon found the defer, yer honor, bekays it made me forget that the king and I wasn't frinds ye see, an' so as I was goin' down the quays to set aff for Wicklow, who the mischief should come across me but an officer, and so by rason o' the dhrop I tuk, I didn't think I wasn't a soger, an' well become me, I ups wid my hand quite rigglar to slute him—bad win to ye, says I to myself, the minnit I done it, and he seen I was bothered or somethin, and so he axed me was I a soger. Myself was niver given to tellin' a lie, but the ould boy got betune me for wanst—an' says I, quite smart—"niver your honor."

"You lie," says he, when he seen me git as red as his coat, and he offered to collar me.

"Be asy," says I, "or more luck to me but I'll settle ye"—wi'd that my dear, he dhrew his sword, and tuk me prisner, and there your honor's the long and the short of it."

Wilmot commiserated his fate, and promised to exert his influence in Liverpool, on his behalf. He was then about to retire to the cabin, when Jim in a most insinuating tone addressed him.

"I ax your pardin, your honour, and if it wasn't too bold—for ye see poor cratures like huz is allowed nothin' at all, at all, buta bit o' dry bred, and mighty cowl comfort that same is, sure enough—and if your honor, that has sich a tender heart, an' my blessin' be along wid ye—an' its only tellin' truth, for no rason at all, at all, but bekays we're dry—and maybe your honor wouldn't have a sixpence, or so, to be afther drinkin' your honor's health and prosperity."

Wilmot could not withstand this forcible appeal to his feelings and vanity, and returned to the quarter deck, overpowered with blessings ; and in a short time afterwards he perceived Jim, with his friend in adversity, regardless of the frightful punishment that awaited them, indulging in whatever amusement presented itself, and soothing their misfortunes by powerful potations from that Lethe of Irish sorrows, "a drop of the crathur."

M.

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